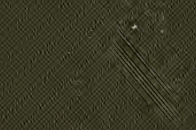
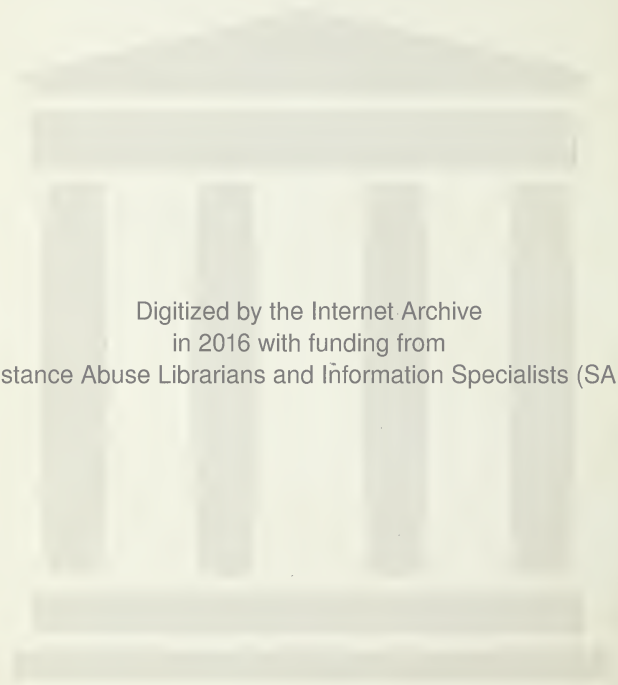
The Radical Cure of CHRONIC ALCOHOLISM

Edward Cowles Dercy, M.D.





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Chronic Alcoholism

ITS
RADICAL CURE
WITHOUT MONEY
WITHOUT PRICE

BY

Edward Hooker Dewey, M.D

Author of "The True Science of Living"; "A New Era for Women"

Published for the Author
1899

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EDWARD HOOKER DEWEY, M.D.

PREFACE.

THIS little book is given to the world only after many years of the most exacting tests of the physiological hygiene it unfolds.

MEADVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A., January, 1899.

INTRODUCTORY.

To ALL W. C. T. U. workers, and others interested in the restoration to mental and physical strength of those enslaved by intoxicants, I would cheerfully recommend the perusal of Dr. E. H. Dewey's book upon the "Radical Cure of Chronic Alcoholism." Dr. Dewey's method of cure is in striking contrast to those secret systems involving the expenditure of hundreds of dollars, weeks of absence from home and business, and the introduction into the body of dangerous drugs. His is entirely a nature cure, no drugs, no absence from home, no loss of time from business, no expense, no danger of evil results. It is eminently worthy of a fair, full trial, and the knowledge of it should be spread abroad by every well-wisher of enslaved humanity.

Dr. Dewey is certainly a philanthropist in giving to the world without money or price a system of healing so thoroughly reasonable and in such harmony with nature's laws. Although I have not been privileged to see results of his method, yet I believe that any one possessing sufficient self-control to follow the advice laid down in this book may cheerfully expect to gain complete mastery over the alcohol or tobacco habit. Those lacking self-control could be given treatment under restraint. It can do them no harm. I hope that thousands of copies of this book may be sold and read, and that every poor inebriate desiring to be a man again may have opportunity to hear of and try for himself Dr. Dewey's Cure for Alcoholism.

MRS. MARTHA M. ALLEN,

Supt. of Non-Alcoholic Medication for National W. C. T. U.

CHRONIC ALCOHOLISM.

LECTURE I.

My Friends in Fetters:

I have invited a few of you into my private lecture-room to talk to you about the alcoholic disease. I have invited you in particular because you have brains, you have lives well worth saving. There are victims of this disease whose lives at best are scarcely worth the effort. But you, if those fetters were only unlocked, have lives that would class you among the salt of the earth, and if you once more were permitted to walk among men, you would remain the freest of the free.

YOU have made every effort known among men to regain your freedom.

You have been subjected to all kinds of statistics.

You have had pointed out to you, times without number, your duty to yourselves, to your families, and to society to stop drinking, as if yours were only cases of perverse morals and you could save yourselves if you only would. A thousand times you have been told how drink degrades the body and soul, by those who have never felt the degradation as one whose nerve centers were in a consuming flame.

In appearing before me, you shall have the novelty of listening to a lecture on temperance without being lectured, and shall be told not so much about what you ought to do, as what you can do to save your bodies and your lives from a living death.

By most people your cases are considered as striking illustrations of perverse morals, not as cases of disease involving structural

abnormality, of disease whose curative conditions involve far more power in their application than you are able to put forth. *Advice* is a very cheap remedy, and, as you have been deluged with it, it may prove a refreshing change to be treated with *instruction* that applies to the disease itself with restorative power.

In order to understand this new plan of saving your bodies from living deaths, it will be necessary for you to know something of the working forces of your bodies, something of physiology which will be entirely new to you, and, in every practical sense also, new to the medical profession.

The brain is the source of every energy of the body, all else seeming to be machinery. *Every* thought, every emotion, every movement has its origin in the center of the brain.

It may aptly be called the dynamo of the human body. As it is the source of every power, so is it the center of that sense we call exhaustion, fatigue—the tired, languid sense.

One of the remarkable qualities or powers of the brain is its power of self-nourishment in the absence of food. It has been found that it loses no weight in either sickness or starvation, owing to the power it has to nourish itself at the expense of the less important structures of the body. This conservative power is one of the most wonderful in all nature, and it always avails in every case of sickness to sustain the working, the curative energies of the body at a time when food cannot be digested, and when all feeding is not only useless but an actual tax on vital, or brain power.

You have always believed that the strength of the body is kept up by the digestion of

food. This is a mistake, as not even a grain of food can be digested without taxing relatively the strength, or brain energy.

The strength is regained, when exhausted by the labors of the day, by rest, by sleep, and in no other way. Were this not so, the largest meal of the day would be needed at bedtime. It is only by a night of sleep that the brain becomes recharged after the day of activity. And in order that there shall be a full recharging, it is necessary that the stomach shall be entirely empty, that no power be diverted as it accumulates. This physiology is beyond any question, for it cannot be questioned that the stomach is one of the machines that derives its power wholly from the brain or nervous system.

It is this self-nourishing power of the brain that makes it unnecessary to ever feed a sick person, no matter how protracted the case, the

entire absence of hunger being the ruling question. There can be no case of acute disease where recovery is possible, when the hunger point will not be sooner reached if curative brain energy is not diverted to the useless energy of disposing of food in the stomach that is not wanted and cannot be digested.

Our only need for food is to make up for the wastes of the body, and whenever weight is not maintained it is due to the absence of digestive power. The bodies of the sick always waste no matter how fed, until disease no longer prevents hunger and power of digestion. Hence Nature has wisely provided that the sick shall not desire food in order to avoid involving disease with indigestion that would both aggravate disease and prolong its duration by taxing brain power, which should be wholly used for curative purposes.

Death by starvation cannot take place until

the body is reduced to a skeleton. All deaths that take place before this condition is reached are due to the effects of disease, of injury or exposure, of worry or despair, or of old age upon the brain, whereby power of self-nourishment is lost. This raises a most interesting question, *How long* does it take to starve to death?

There were two children of about four years of age whose stomachs were destroyed by drinking a solution of caustic potash. One of them was my patient; he was a delicate boy of spare make, and it took the brain just seventy-five days to use up all the predigested food in the form of those tissues that could be spared without stopping the machinery. And there seemed to be only a skin on a skeleton when the last breath was drawn. Not one light drink of water was retained during life, and yet the mind was clear up to even the last

half-hour. The other child lived three months, also without retaining anything. With a larger supply of brain food and in cases, if it were possible, where there would be no mental worry or disease involved, it is possible that life would last much longer.

Let me reiterate these physiological facts, for more important facts pertaining to existence you never listened to, and in every practical sense they are as new to the medical profession as to yourselves.

1. The brain is the center of every mind, soul, and muscle energy.

2. The brain is a self-charging dynamo with the stomach, lungs, heart, liver, every muscle, only as so many machines to be run by it.

3. The brain recovers its exhausted power, or the strength of the body is regained not by the eating of food, but by rest and sleep.

4. The brain has the wonderful power of

feeding itself on the less important structures of the body during sickness or in the absence of food, until the body is reduced to the merest skeleton, and without any loss of its own structures. In time of sickness or in the absence of food the body itself becomes a storehouse of predigested food to nourish the brain and therefore to support vital power, and the body is the only source of supply that the brain can make use of in time of sickness.

5. The digestion of food is a tax on vital power, a tax nature always avoids in time of sickness by aversion to all eating.

6. The taking of food in time of sickness to "support the strength," "to keep up the system" is not only wholly unnecessary, but an actual tax on curative energy that is dangerous in proportion to the gravity of the disease.

7. The only use of food is to maintain the

weight of the body, and as it does not do this in any case of acute sickness, it is not digested, and as not even a grain of food can be digested under the most healthful, vigorous condition of the body without a relative tax on the strength, or brain force, feeding the sick is nothing less than a physiological crime. It is a sin of ignorance against every curative effort in that it only adds indigestion to disease and therefore aggravation to symptoms and duration to its course.

8. The brain is the center of all curative energy.

I will now let you take all this physiology to your homes to be thoroughly mastered, that you may be fully prepared for what is to come at our next meeting.

LECTURE II.

My Friends in Bonds:

I have told you that the stomach is only a machine deriving all its powers from its dynamo, the brain. Its only use, its normal office is to digest enough food each day to make up what is destroyed by the general energies of the day.

As this operation costs a great deal of power from the dynamo—brain—you easily see that all food in excess of the need from the waste is a tax that wastes the energy of the muscles, the mind, and the soul itself. That this is so you easily see when you recall the general languor, the indifference to everything earthly when your stomachs are full of dinner, and you feel so tired and sleepy that an after-dinner nap seems an actual necessity to regain your strength. At these

times you are quite ready to believe that your strength is not regained by eating.

Let me give you a startling fact.

Indigestion, through food in excess, whether of the actual need or of the ability to digest and assimilate, is the inciting condition, the operative force which makes possible every disease that has ever afflicted mankind, whether of the body or of the mind or of the morals. If we could have the statistics of disease, of every crime known to man, of the wreckage of human homes and human hearts directly traceable to habitual gluttony, the world would stand aghast at its death-dealing ways, and *your* method of intemperance would seem, not a drop, but an atom in the bucket by comparison.

I will now give you a few simple facts about the stomach.

In the absence of teeth it is compelled to be

a gizzard with most people, but without stones to aid in the grinding process. By the contractions and relaxations of its walls it sends the food around its interior with a sort of a whirl to wipe off the gastric juice as it exudes from the glands. The walls are studded with minute glands whose office is to evolve the solvent juices and pour them out and into the food. Power to generate these juices needs an empty stomach, a time of rest, even as the brain a night of sleep.

It is not unusual in certain forms of avoidable dyspepsia—indigestion—to have food remain in the stomach for two and three days. It so remains because of the exhaustion, the powerlessness coming from overwork. The glands have the life worried out of them by food rubbish that is fitter for the foulest sewer than for a human stomach.

You will now see as you have not before

that food in excess of the need through waste, or of the ability to digest regardless of the need, is a waste of that invaluable power of the brain which the mind and soul continuously need, and a hindrance to the development of gland power through the presence of food that keeps up a continuous irritation.

You must now see that for good health there must be vigorous digestion; that for vigorous digestion the meals must be far enough apart to clear the stomach and ensure the quiescent state for some hours that will permit an undisturbed evolution of gland power; that the meals should not exceed the need from wastes, and that in the absence of teeth in the stomach, the teeth in the mouth should be compelled to do their whole duty.

Now you must know also that cheer of mind is to digestive power what the breeze is to the fire. Therefore if you will be well you

must have your meals far enough apart to evolve digestive conditions, and if this be done, the nerve of taste will evolve strength and then hunger will make the eating of good food one of the most acutely enjoyable of all human experiences.

Now, my fettered friends, you are prepared to hear me consider alcoholism as a disease, a structural disease that involves will power in its iron hands as well as the best instincts of the human soul, the best powers of the mind, and every energy of muscle and organic life.

The first effect of alcohol on the mucous membrane of the stomach is that of an irritant, causing an unnatural dilation of all the blood vessels. As these are so thickly meshed all over its walls that not the finest needle can enter without injuring one of them, this congestion causes an unnatural, a strangling

pressure upon all the minute structures between the vessels. The effect of this abnormal pressure upon the glands of the stomach is to lessen their functional activity by a contraction of their nutrient vessels, really a starving process.

Now you must see that this is a fact, and that in proportion to the frequency, persistence, and strength of the alcoholic dosings, so must the stomach become seared, converted into an alcoholic pickle, in fact, with starved glands.

You now easily see that the taking of food into such a stomach involves a great deal of extra power from the brain to force the undigested remainder, the decomposing rubbish, out of the stomach and along the digestive track—power that robs the muscles, the mind, and the soul of life itself. With this local effect upon the stomach, involving a needless

waste of brain power for sewerage no less than digestive purposes, there is the effect upon the brain itself to be taken into account.

Alcoholics are mere anœsthetics.

They do not contribute an atom of nourishment to the human body. Since the brain cares for its own nourishment in time of sickness, they are never needed even if they were nourishing, and they do paralyze every power of the brain in degree.

They induce uncertainty in muscle power, confusion in mind power, and imbecility in soul power. In the most striking sense the alcoholic is an anæsthetic. It is taken equally to endure extremes of heat or cold, and the *endurance* is the *indifference* to either from paralyzed sense. It is taken to drown sorrow that never stays drowned; it is taken that the victim may walk in peace where otherwise there would be

torture over debts that cannot be paid; over business that has become wrecked, over every kind of soul condition that is an agony of want unrelieved.

It is given by physicians in the crises of disease, in the shock of injury, by physicians who ought to know better, to rouse into an unnatural activity powers that have the greatest need of repose, powers that never fail, never would fail to rouse themselves where the seal of death is not already set. There is no human disease nor any human condition that invites with reason an alcoholic. Its local effect upon the stomach, its anæsthetic effect upon the brain are all-sufficient reasons for never, in any kind of a case, putting a single drop down a human throat.

There cannot be a shade of a reason produced from the known effects of alcohol in the human body, and from its composition, for

belief that it ever can be or ever has been of any earthly use in any kind of a disease. There is every reason to believe that the harm it does is to be guaged by the defenceless condition of the vital powers.

My afflicted friends, listen: Prof. N. S. Davis, A.M., M.D., LL.D., the father of the American Medical Association, and Prof. H. C. Wood, of Philadelphia, men as eminent and as learned, as able as the medical profession the world over can produce, are veritable John the Baptists in heralding these views concerning alcohol, and their mighty influence is evolving a radical change for the better in the destructive use of alcoholics in disease.

A very common treatment of protracted acute diseases, especially of fevers is milk and whiskey enforced for days and often for weeks to "support the system." And yet no physician who is guilty of this barbarism, if

he would reflect just a little, would fail to see that a similar bill of fare would inevitably depress the system in time of health, if as persistently followed—indeed, he could hardly doubt that it would totally disable even the strongest person in due time, and with a perceptible loss of power by even the first meal.

With digestive power abolished by the disease, with whiskey to sear the stomach and benumb every brain force, with the enormous draught upon brain force to relieve the stomach and bowels of cheese curds in a state of decomposition, there is needless, unspeakable suffering for the patient that classes such treatment with the bloody lancet of a hundred years ago.

I have a great many reasons to believe from near-at-hand cases that it has taken in some instances weeks merging into months of dying

by day and dying by night before the undertaker was called upon to play his part in such fearful dramas in human experiences. And I have seen cases so treated where death was not the sequel, where months merged into years without the normal condition being regained. In all such cases recovery can only be attributed to a good constitution, and where the treatment has been endured for three or four weeks, it has seemed to take more time to fully recover from the treatment than from the disease itself. Again you are excused to go home to do some thinking.

LECTURE III.

My Friends of the Alcoholic Disease:

We are now ready to take up the question of your own cases in particular. The stomach of every one of you is badly diseased, pickled. The blood vessels are all enlarged, and the glands, though they have become somewhat used to labor under adverse conditions, are so anæmic, so enfeebled from starvation that they only give out *moisture* where they ought to give out floods. With your stomachs fairly seared over, you have habitually dumped all sorts of food into it regardless of its enfeebled powers and regardless of any natural desire for it through hunger. *You* have even been under the impression that you needed to eat to keep up your strength, and you have presumed that if it stayed down it was digested. The benumbing effect of the alcohol on the

brain, and the exceeding tax upon it to furnish power in its benumbed condition to rid a seared stomach of a food mass far in excess of power of complete digestion, all this has reduced life for you to a Hades, except when both mind and nerves are under the alcoholic spell.

Your own suffering so far exceeds that of those to whom your life is dear and valuable, who suffer through you, that you have no conscience when it comes to putting the price of a loaf of bread where it will relieve your torture rather than hunger in the family.

With your will power abolished through an exhausted brain, you are not to be reached with saving power by an array of statistics and homilies on the enormity of indulgence in the drink evil, for it is not possible for any to whom your life is of the least value to suffer through you as you suffer yourself through

your disease. You are in a state of disease, and thus far not even the medical profession has given you a single helpful suggestion.

My friends, for the last twenty years of my life I have been treating all acute diseases that have fallen into my hands with what may be called the "rest cure," that is, by giving the brain perfect rest from all work in the stomach, thus giving to the cure of the disease all the powers of the brain that avail for curing purposes.

No matter how protracted have been the cases, no food has been given to any until natural hunger marked the close of the disease. As it is the *effect* of the disease upon the *brain* that causes the suffering and exhaustion, so in every case the suffering lessened and the strength actually increased as the cure went on. From every physiological consideration this ought to be so with every

possible case that can recover, and it so proved in every case of recovery, and this *with not even a morsel of unbidden food.*

Many cases required a full month without eating to cure the disease, notably of typhoid and malarial fever. In a case of rheumatism where for more than a month there had to be the most gentle handling, there was ability to walk about the room on the forty-sixth day with the first food desired and taken in the afternoon of the same day. You may put this down as a physiological fact that it is beyond any question that in any kind of a case of sickness where there is aversion to food, a natural desire for it will come much sooner if none is given against the fiat of Nature, because curative energy is not then wasted in the stomach.

Now, gentlemen, you must be fully ready to hear me announce to you that the only cure

for your diseased stomachs is through a rest from all irritation from either alcoholics or food. You must now see that there are in your cases not only badly diseased stomachs but also a condition of the brain that amounts to disease and equally requiring rest. Were your skins as badly diseased as your stomachs, you would easily see the reasonableness of the rest cure, see with even shut eyes that several daily soakings with alcoholics would not succeed as curative means.

You have been advised, admonished to stop drinking, and you now see with how little knowledge of all of the *conditions involved in a radical cure.*

Let me give you a marked illustration drawn from real life:

A missionary in India barely escaped with his life after a barbarous course of treatment for typhoid fever; but he escaped, only to

suffer for months with ulcers in the bowels. Against these ulcers the pharmacopœia in the hands of seven successive physicians during as many months was leveled in vain. During these months he lost weight daily, though eating enough for a manual laborer in the best of health. As his food did not distress him, there was no thought that the stomach was playing any part in the bloody work. At last he was compelled to return to America to be put on six "bland" meals a day by the first physician he called, losing six "bland" pounds thereby during the first week. At last he fell under my care.

Now, my friends, how could these bleeding ulcers be healed while being scratched over by food rubbish continuously? He had been permitted to eat right along because he seemed hungry; and because food had not distressed his stomach it had been presumed to

be digested, even though there was the loss of weight going on. Evidently there was the idea in the mind of each physician that his strength was being kept up even if the weight was not, and there was no idea at all that it was food rubbish that hindered the healing of those ulcers that could not be placated with drugs. All this was duly explained to him when he reached my helping hands and hope began to dawn. Naturally a spare man, he had lost over forty pounds and he looked much more like a last year's corpse than a man who had not yet parted with his soul. Naturally he was bright in every way, but there was a hunger before a well-filled table he could no more control than could a starved dog. And so for all the months every meal had been followed by a rasping from a roused conscience; his will power had been abolished without any loss of clear reasoning.

After several attempts to get a fast instituted with a failure on account of the hunger of disease, it became necessary to resort to the hypodermic needle to hold him in subjection. This was kept up for ten days with decided evidences of improvement generally as well as locally.

On the eleventh day there were hints of natural hunger with such comfort of body and soul as had not been his for years.

In ten days those ulcers left to themselves had covered themselves with new membrane!!

After a few days of thin liquid meals, solid food was permitted once a day, which was taken with no ravenous haste and with all reason and judgment. With more general exercise later on he kept to one general meal daily, with only the lightest when he had a second.

There was no suffering at any time after

those ulcers healed, and with a luxury of eating, with a luxury of existence, there was added to his bones nearly forty-five pounds of new missionary, as new, as instinct with life as if freshly formed by a divine hand; this in about three months, and with far less food than was his daily quantum while the pounds were disappearing. During one period of fourteen days he gained eleven pounds.

He returned to India in perfect health, and ever since himself, wife, and two child sons have kept to the habit of only two meals a day; and more than this, even while writing these pages word reaches me that he has a class of one hundred and fifty native boys on the same plan of daily living.

Now in this case you must clearly see that those ulcers could not possibly heal under the continuous irritation of an abomination of bowel contents. Why, imagine for one mo-

ment the absurdity of external ulcers being subjected to the same crucifying, with expectation of a cure, through dumping drugs into the stomach.

Now when you recall how tired, how sluggish, uneasy it makes you feel to have your stomachs filled with food, do you not wonder that the continuous draughts made upon this man's brain by the stomach for power which was wasted did not totally wreck his mind?

And now that you clearly see that the power to cure exists in the brain, now that you know that the brain can feed itself for very many weeks without the slightest aid from the stomach, what more reasonable than a fast to cure all stomach and bowel ailings and to restore to power an overworked brain?

Let me tell you of another case. A young mother four months after the birth of her first born was attacked with a bowel trouble that

incited ulcers, and for five months there were several bloody movements daily. In this case, because there was a nursing child, the daily meals had to be eaten even though each one seemed to cause only a consuming fire in the stomach; but the ulcers refused to heal under the persuasive arts of the drug-house. At last she was sent on a journey of two hundred miles to try a change of climate where she at once took to a bed from acute sickness due to fatigue and the exposure of the journey. By a mere chance she fell into the hands of Nature and my care at the same time. There was a fast of only fifteen days during which a new woman was created with a soul fit for a ramble through the Garden of Eden. During this time every ailing part seemed to have recovered, and in a short time she was able to return home, not only a well but a much wiser mother.

Once more: A badly wasted woman of middle age took to her bed with a sick stomach. For twelve years she had suffered from indigestion and other numerous ailings, as well as from "many physicians." She also fell into the hands of Nature and my care at the same time. For thirty-seven days, because of nausea and a constant burning in the stomach, not nearly all the water craved could be taken. Under my daily encouragement the woman was prevented from death from apparently mere despair. I was able to encourage because I was able to see both general and local change for the better, and also to make the patient see the same. On the fortieth day there was natural hunger for the first time in many years, and there was a sparkle in the eyes, a color of the skin, and a reappearance of her soul in all the lines of expression, as if she were another Eve before the fall. She

left her bed to do with only one meal daily for months, but in time, with scarcely more eating each day, there was a gain of forty pounds. Now at the fortieth day in this case there seemed to be enough body left to feed the brain forty days more.

Do you wish me to name the disease in this case? Impossible! There were ailings too numerous to mention. They were all the result of a diseased digestive track, and an overworked brain, a brain compelled to spend its invaluable powers in clearing the track from sewerage unutterable.

Is this physiological hygiene at fault, impracticable?

You will never live long enough to have it questioned by any who are made to understand it as you do now.

How is a rest going to cure your thickened, congested, seared, torpid, badly-diseased

stomach? Rest is not to do any of the curing any more than it heals the broken bone or the wound; it is only going to furnish the conditions for cure.

We can never know, we never shall know what the ultimate processes of cure are any more than we can or need to know the ultimate processes by which a human body is developed from a single germ.

We may rightfully believe that the generation of new structures to take the place of the dying and the dead ones is due to cell multiplication involving the same creative forces which operate in the body of the growing, developing, unborn child; and more, that these life energies have no more need of the action of drugs than does the growing, unborn body, the growing infant, child, youth. This suggestion ought to impress you all the more when you are reminded that the blistering and

the bleeding of a hundred years ago was as strongly orthodox as the only less barbarous milk, whisky, and the still-crucifying drugs of to-day—treatments ever changing, but Nature ever going on in her life-and-death evolutions in the same changeless ways

We may say with every assurance that Nature only cures, but how she does it cannot and need not be known.

And we may say with equal assurance that every power of cure is evolved in the brain and that therefore if we would have the best conditions for effective work, we must relieve it from all work that can be suspended with perfect safety, even for weeks, as every case of fever or other protracted diseases demonstrates.

Now, gentlemen, you are fully prepared to enter upon a fast with high hopes, for you clearly see that as a curative method it

means for you scarcely less than a complete physical regeneration.

I will now inform you, with some detail, as to those regenerative changes you may expect, not only to feel from your soul's depths, but also to see with the naked eye.

You will first have to endure a mental hurricane that will very nearly subside by the time your stomach and bowels become entirely empty which will be in a week or somewhat longer, but your hurricane will very nearly spend its force in less than a week. With stomach and bowels entirely empty the brain will begin to rest. This will result in the toning up of the entire vascular system. In parts diseased, *no matter where*, this will furnish the precise physical change necessary for a cure.

By a toning up of the minutest vessels, the tissues between them are more and more relieved from the strangling pressure and the

torpid, starving glands whose life channels have been unduly narrowed by the pressing blood vessels are opened to a larger life current and new life reaches the utmost cell.

It is by this same toning of the vessels that the dropsical feet and limbs are restored to the normal size when restoration is possible, the water being withdrawn by a reverse current back into the vessels. In such cases a loss of brain force is also a loss of force in the contractile vessel walls. They dilate; the blood, therefore, becomes almost stagnant in some of them, and hence an oozing of the water of the blood through the thin walls. Now, while this toning up is going on in the dilated vessels of the stomach, it goes on in all other parts, weak or diseased, just the same, with healing energy.

Let me reiterate: You must *master* this great fact in nature, that without food and

for an indefinite length of time, for brain purposes, for vital energy, the blood will be kept in all due richness from those tissues of the body which will not cost any more discomfort while disappearing than there will be when reappearing under the power of vigorous digestion. And you must master this fact also, that as soon as the digestive track becomes entirely cleared, a toning up of every vessel of the body will begin. Can you not see what it will mean for those oppressed, depressed glands of the stomach to be so relieved from actual pressure that their hair-like channels will permit a larger flow of liquid life to every ultimate atom of all structures? Now I am going to let you look right into your stomachs and with reflected light actually see the curing work go on.

You shall see this with your eyes, in your eyes. These eyes of yours are in a chronic

state of congestion; there is neither sparkle nor clearness in them. Every vessel is dilated, and this is also the condition of those vessels of the retina—the mirror—which carry the colorless blood, the transparent liquid life to its wonderful cells. You may look into your eyes every day and find a brightness becoming more and more marked, and with this change will be a corresponding improvement in the vision.

Some of you have very dark circles about your eyes, others have blotched cheeks—patches of disease. All of you have bloated faces. There are no fine lines of expression, scarcely more than there are on those double chins that some of you are carrying about only to make smiles more laborious. You may watch the changes that will go on, on your hazy facial landscapes, and you will see life, brightness, sparkle, color evolve, as new life

comes in all nature when the dead wastes of winter give way to the favoring conditions of warmth, sunshine, and showers. And while these changes are being revealed to the eyes, the senses of taste, hearing, smelling, feeling alike evolve.

And more: Whatever there is for the soul in its highest instincts and tastes, its noblest aspirations, or for the intellect in acuteness, clearness, and strength, will evolve as the glories of May and June from the dreary wastes of winter.

Far reaching this method in nature? You may well believe it, for it is capable of reaching the hospitals for the insane and restoring the greatest majority of the wrecked minds to the normal condition.

My friends, your fasts will go on with great ease and comfort after the first week, and since you will lose nothing but disease and

pounds, and since you will regain all the lost pounds with a luxury of eating after you get new stomachs, I shall wish these fasts to go on from two to four and even five weeks for some of you. This will be necessary, for you are all old chronics.

With younger persons who have not indulged so long, and whose stomachs are therefore not so badly diseased, less time would be required.

You are startled with the idea of new stomachs, having always supposed that abuse of them is about as irreparable as if copper-lined. *You will actually get stomachs as new in every anatomical sense as is the filling in wounds, or between the fractured ends of bones.*

There is ever continuous construction and destruction going on in all the structures, and in those most whose activities are the greatest. Therefore when your stomachs get well they

will be of new material, and when they get well through rest, there will be power in reserve to run them, through rest of the brain. There will be really *new brains, new stomachs, and therefore that perfect health not otherwise possible.*

In a few days all that you supposed to be hunger will have disappeared and it will not return again, not until there is a new mucous membrane in the stomach, a new one on the tongue and in the mouth. This new one will not be the thickened, seared one you possess now, so impervious to the flavor of foods that only the highest seasoning can rouse up the torpid nerve of taste to something of its functional power and duty.

And you, *you* who have had this wonderful nerve in perpetual soak in tobacco juice for years, you will need a longer time to get your mouths in repair, and you have this enemy also to conquer while under my immediate

care; for the chew, the pipe, the cigar is always a signal that distress is being relieved; and you are to be restored to perfect freedom from all acquired distresses of body and soul.

"But will our stomachs really get well through this rest?"

Just as certainly as the broken bones and wounds.

"And will the brain also become so rested as to relieve all the agony of nervousness?"

As certainly as the night of sleep will restore the brain to power for the day of activities.

As you very well know, the rest cure is new, very new to the people, and since no suggestion of it is to be found in any of our medical text-books, you may consider it new to medical science.

Now, as wretched in every way as you feel, you see I am able to give you the strongest assurances, indeed proof absolute, that as your

fasts go on not only will your stomachs get well but with the lessened tax upon the brain it will also lessen its complaints, and so there will be an enlarging, very comforting sense of peace to the nervous system.

Let me illustrate: A few years ago a man of fine physique and in the early maturity of his manhood, consulted me for a case of chronic sciatic rheumatism that for several years had defied all treatments. A full eater, because he had an uncomplaining stomach, his punishment had come to him through the sciatic nerve.

He was at once put on a diet method that made his breakfast come at noon, with only a light evening meal. As he was a grocer this was a very radical change for him, but as he was promised hints of relief at once, and a radical cure in time, he was easily persuaded. In less than two months there

was perfect relief and all-around regeneration.

Now he was a smoker and had been used to daily beer. I did not interfere with these habits, for too much reform is not borne well at first, with many persons. I could only suggest that the least of anything he put into his stomach between meals, the more rapid the cure.

After some months he informed me, and not to my surprise, that for some reason beer did not agree as formerly.

"How about tobacco?" I asked.

"Well, Doctor," he replied, "I don't care for cigars as I did, and I only smoke when I am out with my companions."

"Have you really no idea why your beer and tobacco don't satisfy as they did?"

"No, Doctor, not the least."

"How are you feeling generally?"

"Never better in all my life."

"Formerly it was your habit to take a mid-forenoon beer and sandwich?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because I got faint and seemed to need it."

"Do you have any sense of this any more before your noon meal?"

"Not in the least."

"And you feel perfectly well, even up to this meal?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, now, feeling perfectly well, cannot you easily see that there is no soothing work for either beer or tobacco, hence you get no soothing by their use?"

"Indeed, Doctor, I see this very clearly and I think I will tax neither mouth nor stomach any more with between-meal work."

A man beyond sixty who had used tobacco all his life and whisky in moderate daily rations for years, adopted the morning fast. I chanced to meet him after several months of the new regime and heard a story of his futile efforts on a previous evening to get a cigar of the "*right brand*," not knowing that the difficulty was wholly in his improved nervous system, that had much less need for soothing. In his case the call for alcoholics grew to such faintness that he became able to give them up without effort.

Gentlemen, you have been able to listen to me during these morning sessions because your will power has not been wholly abolished and because of certain tastes and business ambition that make your lives of some account to yourselves, to your families, and to your communities.

There are other cases where the disease has

become too deep-seated for the will power to have strength enough for voluntary effort to be saved. The only hope there ever can be for such will be to have laws that are *weak* enough to permit lives to be destroyed in this torturing way made strong enough to save them; they must come under a law that will be strong enough, even *by force* if necessary.

The alcoholic disease is generally cultivated in the early maturity of youth when there is such a reserve of nerve, brain, mind, and will force as to make any amount of indulgence *seem perfectly safe* so far as a remorseless habit is concerned. And the disease develops so insidiously that even the most thoughtful become enslaved before they are aware of it.

Gentlemen, let me repeat: Alcohol incites actual disease in the stomach; it benumbs all the powers of the brain; it induces both mental and soul incoördination; it lessens or de-

stroys the finer instincts of the inner life; depresses all the special senses, and finally there results such a degree of helpless, hopeless, irresponsible mental and soul abnormality as to be dangerous to communities, and the law should be so strengthened as to be able to reach such cases of disease with restraining, saving power. A disease so terrible in its results on human hearts, and human homes, and on society ought to be within reach of the law.

Now, gentlemen, let me assure you that the fast cure is one of the very easiest after the first three or four days, and even the most desperate old chronic can fast on for two, three, or even more weeks with only an increasing sense of comfort and with no loss except disease and pounds. Was ever a cure for the alcoholic disease more rational, more in line with the very laws of cure?

Is there not inspiration in the fact that a fast furnishes the best conditions for a cure for all your involved ailings, no matter what or where? There is no disputing the physiology behind this suggestion, and you who will fast until your stomachs are cured and your brains restored to power, will find about all other ailings well on to recovery.

What, deny rest for a wound, an ulcer, a skin disease, a broken bone, and do these need other means? Deny that power of restorative cell action comes from the brain, deny its need to rest? What are lost pounds to those so cured of their acute disease that eating has become a pleasure and digestion a power?

Gentlemen, there are only the fewest cases of chronic alcoholism so desperate, so long continued that a fast would not result in a new stomach, a new brain, and, therefore, a new soul. As there is actual physical disease

of the mind and soul centers of the brain, how can I but believe that the fast cure would furnish the precise condition for a radical cure of insanity?

Gentlemen, let me presume that for a whole month you have been absent from your homes undergoing the rest cure, aided by my encouragement, your homes the while having that "peace, be still" comfort you have not permitted for years. You will return to those homes saner men, and because of your clearer vision and soul power in reserve you will see far more in the countenance of that long-suffering wife to love, honor, and respect than you really were able to see in your days of food gluttony even before the alcoholic disease.

And those children, as soon as they find that it is safe to be in the same house with you, will respond to your soul, born again, as

the rose unfolds under the favoring conditions of June. It will take them a little time to overcome fear of your attacks of emotional insanity, but in time they will get accustomed to the dazzling light where they have only found darkness and violence. As certainly will this be the result as you comply with the conditions.

"But how long are these fasts to last?"

Until you get into such comfort of body and mind that fasting will be a luxury. You will fast until there is a perfectly clean tongue and you feel capable of fasting unlimited. You will fast until there is a slight hint that some food of the nourishing kind is craved. Some of you will not get to this felicity in less than a month, others sooner, and others will require even more time. The time is of no special account where CURE is so certain and for such diseases as yours.

"But what food shall be taken at first?"

Do you not easily recall the fact that after severe sicknesses the desire is only for the most nourishing of foods, those best worth the digestive process? So will it be in your cases.

You will eat wisely, and since your stomachs have no teeth, the teeth in your mouths will do their whole duty, and since your brains are to furnish the motive power you will see to it that no power is wasted in more work than it can well do. You will wish for only the plain foods of your geographical lines. You from Esquimau land will have a care about too much blubber at first; and you from the South Sea Islands will have equal care that you will not be gluttons with your bread-fruit. Of one thing you may be certain, that when your fasts are to end because your diseases are cured, and therefore hunger has come, no form of an alcoholic will be able to tempt you in the least.

And so you will become free men with all your powers in amplest fullness, acuteness, and in reserve.

But how are you to so live as to retain your riches of regained health? As you now clearly see and believe without the shadow of a doubt, the strength, all the strength, you will need for your day's activities comes from a brain restored by sleep. You must see that the digestion of food under the best conditions, and no matter if it be only a single mouthful, even an atom, is a tax on the strength. You must know that you can labor in the morning more hours and with greater ease without getting tired, if you do not tax your strength through the stomach. So every day you will delay the first meal until you are tired enough to rest when you will be hungry enough to eat with relish.

Let me again remind you that during the

morning fast the glands of the stomach, the glands of the mouth and the nerve of taste rest into functional power, and power that can come in no other way.

You who are brain workers must make this the lightest meal of the day, if you will have an afternoon with anything like the power in reserve you realize all the forenoon.

Your second meal may be the general one, but it must not exceed the power of the stomach to fully clear itself before the hour for sleep, or the brain will not so well rest during the night.

For you who are muscle workers the first meal must be the heaviest, and it will always be well for you to rest for a time before eating. There is no manual labor so taxing that it cannot be done with more ease, power, cheer, and strength of muscle and mind on one general and one light daily meal than with more

eating. In every physiological sense this ought to be so, and in actual testing it has been found to be so.

This method in daily life applies with equal need and effectiveness to all who labor. Only the nursing infant requires more daily meals.

The highest possible health is only attainable when the daily food is so taken as to neither exceed the demands of waste nor the power to digest, regardless of waste. The loss of muscle, mind, and soul power from wastage in the stomach under adverse conditions of digestion is inconceivable, immeasurable, for it tires out far more than labor of muscle or mind ever does. It is the tired-out brain that complains, and rarely from legitimate labor.

Gentlemen, the foundation of the drink evil is deeply, broadly laid in the nurseries, in the dining-rooms of the land; in the habitual, the

universal gluttony permitted, even enforced, upon hapless, helpless infancy, childhood, and youth.

There is a peculiar temperament with many persons that might well be called the alcoholic temperament. It is a peculiar, an unbearable nervousness arising from brain exhaustion that calls loudly for stimulation. With children it always arises from habitually overtaxed stomachs, or indigestion. With such there are always restless bodies and irritable tempers. They are always in want and are never so comfortably well as to enjoy anything. With perfect digestion there is the largest sense of comfort; hence with all who have this sense of comfort there is nothing to be soothed; therefore *the first drink* only causes a general disturbance that *never invites a repetition.*

How terrible the possibilities of that first drink

when the nervous system is ready to be soothed by the intemperance, largely avoidable, of life in the home!

Gentlemen, I part with you after this long talk with this last suggestion as a subject worthy your thoughts by day and your dreams at night.

LECTURE IV.

Gentlemen, at this final meeting I can no longer address you as "My friends in fetters," for you are now well towards that perfect freedom that is man's highest estate.

Calmness, repose, comfort is in every line of expression, and your eyes glisten as with soul-life in ecstacy; there is a clearly manifest sense of power with all of you—powers, calmly strong, wisely coördinated.

It is not possible for a human mind to conceive of life more ecstatic than that which may be on earth when there is health in reserve, and eyes without and eyes within to possess only the best in human souls, and in the miracle of the earth in its structure and ever-changing seasons.

Bad health from avoidable brain exhaustion has infinitely more to do with filling human

homes with despair, hospitals with the sick, hospitals with the insane, jails and prisons with every form of crime, and cemeteries with the premature dead, infinitely more than the providences of God. There is no condition of the mind that so little tends to vice as that which comes from a perfect sense of comfort through the highest health, none in which the whole body is so strong in defense against every form of disease, and in particular against these insidious, most dangerous first efforts before the bar of the saloon.

It is infinitely more reasonable to consider disease an evolution through violated law than to see in it an attack through germs whose treatment whose destruction through any form of dosage seems as hopeless, even as preposterous, and thus far futile, as the dosage for consumption through a hypodermic needle.

Certainly the alcoholic disease will be con-

sidered evolutionary until the *bacillus* of alcoholism has been found and dragged forth from the meshes of diseased stomachs and compelled to sit for his photograph.

No, gentlemen, the germ theory, the germ treatment can never play any part in the alcoholic disease and with as little reason can any form of drug dosage.

In all chronic cases there is an exhausted brain, a perturbed nervous system that has no more conscience in the matter of relief than has the jumping ache of a diseased tooth, where the groaning is never of the suppressed order no matter how unpleasant for other ears, even in the dead of night when sleep is the only, the utmost desire of other souls. In such cases, in such a condition of the nervous system the lethal dose of the alcoholic is no more a matter of morals than the forceps of the dentist.

What can now be more clear to your clearer

understanding, to your acuter moral and mental sense than that for such brain exhaustion rest alone can save, can restore to power, as rest the broken bone? And what more rational than rest for those diseased stomachs!

Ah, gentlemen, do I, can I reiterate this new, this intensely practical physiology too often for your needs? Gentlemen, I must again assure you, and with all possible emphasis, that for an exhausted brain and a diseased stomach there is, there can be no other cure than thorough rest. And I must also again assure you that the physiology behind this cure cannot, nor will it ever be questioned by minds capable of understanding it. That this cure has never been applied to such cases as yours and to diseases generally, has been due to the lack of apprehension of the brain as the motive power, as the source of every energy, and of the stomach in par-

ticular as a *machine* that cannot be used for even the lightest service without a taxing of the brain, a wasting of vital power which means a tax on muscle, mind, and soul energy.

Not only has there been the universal lack of this apprehension of the true relations of the brain and the other organs as mere machines to be run by it, but there has been a deplorable lack of apprehension, also universal, of the brain as the only source of curative energy, an energy which asks no favors of drugs as curative agencies.

What thus far has been done for you and for all may be summed up in these words, "Don't begin to drink," and "stop drinking;" in other words, in a larger application, "Don't get sick," "stop being sick."

And just once more, gentlemen, let me call your attention to the greatest wonder in all nature, that miracle by which the brain is able

to feed itself and mainly from the stores of fat of the body that seem to be laid up for no other purpose than for the emergency of sickness or starvation, with the possible exception of *padding* for a well-made suit of clothes.

Has ever more vitally-important physiology been revealed to man?

You may be very certain that it forms a code of laws, the only code that can, that ever will abolish the saloon. There is this ever to be considered, that suppressing the saloon does not suppress the availability of any and all drinks for those who have become sick enough to desire drink with agonizing intensity.

That there shall be the highest health possible for any, for all, health that rises above all need of stimulation, this code is to be made known to every mother of the land, that it may apply to the first meal and to every meal

that is to go into the stomachs of infancy, childhood, and youth.

There is no home in all the land where this code is not needed, where it does not apply as Christian civilization to those who bow down to stocks and stones.

For the best emotions of soul-life, for the fullest sway of reason and judgment, there must be that health that can only come from a brain that is not taxed with the conversion of food that is not needed, that cannot be digested, into the foulest sewerage.

It must be clearly understood by all that digestion, and that infinitely more, indigestion robs the soul of its best emotions and the intellect of its strongest powers.

This clearly apprehended, there will be far wiser care over infancy, childhood, and youth that *neither the microbe nor the saloon shall become a menace to life.*

Gentlemen, you are now ready to go to your homes with your new stomachs and brains. And remember that for your own sakes, for the sake of all who look upon you as needful to their lives, you are to study that habitual cheer which is life's strongest breeze. Courage, fear, good nature, bad nature are alike contagious. Even one shining face in a home will light up all other faces as the sun all the earth when clouds do not obstruct its rays. And as cheer is the very strongest digestive force, you will not forget in its absence through trial, through troubles, inevitable to all, to gauge your eating to the lessened power to digest, that your trials, your troubles may not be increased by an indigestive tax upon the brain.

Do I not *know* whereof I speak? It was mine to watch day and night for more than a month beside the dying bed of a cherished wife, dying by the inch from an injury, with

not more than a half dozen meals the while, and these only taken on days when there was a dawning of hope, and my endurance was wholly due to the sole use of my powers to the sacred duties of the head and heart.

Need I enlarge on what might be to the home, to the church, to the community, to the state, to the nation, when the *man* has that health power in reserve that makes him the strongest, the wisest for every manly duty, that well performed, only makes his a manly life?

Go, then, to your homes, gentlemen, hence on to guard your brains against wastage from strong drink and gluttonous meals; guard and care for those brains as the most skillful engineer of the engine of the mightiest industrial plant on all the earth. It is only by such care that you can be the best husbands, the best parents, the best churchmen, the best citizens, and the strongest in defense against degrading tendencies.

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